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YOU'LL DO BAD THINGS™

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TINY ONION

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NEW YORK CITY. *Night.*

I HAD A REALLY NICE TIME TONIGHT, JIMMY.

THAT'S NICE.

DO YOU WANT TO COME UPSTAIRS? WE COULD HAVE A **GLASS OF WINE**--

Oh, NO THANK YOU.

--LISTEN TO SOME **MUSIC**...

Oh, uhm... OKAY?

HAVE A NICE NIGHT!

YEAH... You too...

"HAVE A **NICE NIGHT**"?

Oh, I JUST DON'T GET IT!

WHERE DID THE NIGHT GO WRONG? WHAT AM I MISSING HERE?

DID I PUT TOO MUCH **MUSTARD** ON MY **HOT DOG**?

AFTER **FOUR** DATES, **THREE** DINNERS, AND **TWO** OF MY MOST DYNAMITE OUTFITS, YOU'D THINK A GIRL COULD AT LEAST GET **ONE** KISS!

16

THAT'S ENOUGH. IT'S ALREADY BEEN TOO MUCH TIME AND EFFORT SPENT ON SOMEONE WHO CLEARLY DOESN'T WANT TO BE WITH ME.

IT MUST BE HIM. HE'S JUST A **GRADE-A,** CERTIFIED WEIRDO.

THERE'S NOTHING A GIRL CAN DO ABOUT WEIRDOS.

I GUESS IT'S JUST LIKE GRANDMA JOJO ALWAYS SAID--

--"YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER, BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE **SEX** WITH THE HORSE."

WHO THE FU--

HHKK-

SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK

SLAM

HATE

HATE

BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING

phone phone phone

BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING

BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRIIING BRI

BRIIING BRIIING BRIIN

You'll do Bad Things

Jimmy's blood pools across the pavement, whatever Shape this w[illegible] that opened the valve moves away from the scene.

"B[illegible]g Briiing!"

A t[illegible] chimes. A commoner looking for a part[illegible]

"B[illegible]g Briiing!"

It [illegible] again. Its [illegible] on the [illegible] would be ignored.

"Briiing Briiing!"

With certainty, it continues [illegible] answered. And with that certainty [illegible]es resolution.

The Shape [illegible] approached. A rubber [illegible]ved hand [illegible] itself from the sheath of its jacket [illegible]ocket. It reaches for the receiver, clearly the c[illegible] it was ho[illegible] to reach. But who could be on the [illegible]other end? Who placed a call to a [illegible]ypho[illegible]

BRIING BRIING BRIING BRIING BRIING BRIING

BRIING BRIING BRIING BRIING

MRRROWWW

I HEAR IT, HERMES.

BRIING BRIING

MRROOWW?

IT'S LIKE SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT, IF I DON'T PICK UP THE RECEIVER, HOW WILL SHE KNOW?

FINE, WE'LL GET IT OVER WITH. BUT IF I WAS SCHRÖDINGER, YOU'D BE DEAD.

BRIING BRIING BRIING BRIING

HOLMS RESIDENCE. HOW MAY I DIRECT YOUR CALL?

SETH, WHAT DAY IS IT?

?

WHY, IT'S **MONDAY**, CAMILLE. WOULD YOU ALSO LIKE THE WEATHER?

SETH, IT'S **THURSDAY**.

...

...right.

READ ME WHAT YOU HAVE SO FAR.

I WOULD READ IT MYSELF, BUT AS WE'VE ESTABLISHED, IT'S THURSDAY AND I **STILL** DON'T HAVE ANY PAGES FROM YOU.

...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO READ THEM TO ME.

I'M NOT GOING TO READ THEM TO YOU.

DID YOU AT LEAST GET THE BOX I SENT YOU?

Hm?

Oh, YEAH. I GOT IT.

AND WHAT DO WE THINK?

SETH HOLMS

THEY'RE FINE, I GUESS. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE COULDN'T JUST KEEP THE OLD COVER THOUGH.

I MEAN, THE BLOOD DRIPPING? DO WE REALLY NEED TO BE SO...

SETH HOLMS

...SO TASTE-LESS?

TASTELESS? IT'S A BOOK ABOUT A MAN WHO BRUTALLY MURDERED THIRTEEN CHILDREN.

DO WE REALLY WANT TO HAVE A DISCUSSION ABOUT TASTE?

BESIDES, THE OLD COVER WAS DATED. TEN YEARS DATED. AN ANNIVERSARY EDITION, A NEW COVER, IT'LL MOVE COPIES. THAT'S GOOD FOR US. GOOD FOR YOU.

PAST DUE

LOOK, YOU'VE MADE IT CLEAR YOU DON'T WANT TO WRITE ABOUT TRUE CRIME ANY LONGER, BUT **THIS** IS THE BOOK THAT KEEPS YOUR **LIGHTS** ON.

SO UNTIL YOU START TURNING IN PAGES OF THE "NEXT GREAT AMERICAN ROMANCE NOVEL," THIS IS WHAT IT IS.

Yeah...

YEAH, I GOT IT.

ALRIGHT.

AND YOU'RE STILL GOOD FOR PRESS AND THE SIGNING TOMORROW?

YEAH, I'M GOOD.

OKAY, SO I'LL SEE YOU HERE AT 4 P.M. AND THEN I'LL HAVE A CAR READY TO TAKE YOU TO THE EVENT.

AND SETH?

As Jimmy's blood pools across the pavement, whatever Shape this was that opened the valve moves away from the scene.

"Briiing Briiing!" A bell chimes. A summoner looking for a partner.

"Briiing Briiing!"

It chimes again. Its insistence on the matter won't be ignored.

"Briiing Briiing!"

With certainty, it continues its call out to be answered, and with that certainty comes resolution. The Shape has approached.

A rubber gloved hand pulls itself from the sheath of its jacket pocket, reaching for the receiver, clearly the caller it was hopin

But who could be on the other end? Who places a call to a payphone?

GLACK

YEAH?

vement, whatever Shape this was that oper

summoner looking for a partner.

PAGES.

matter won't be ignored.

I NEED PAGES.

t to be answered, and with [illegible] certainty co

m the sheath of its jacket pocket, reaching f

Who places a call to a payphone?

YEAH.

Pages.

HELP ME!
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG

SOOO...

...HOW'S THE NEW BOOK COMING?

IT'S NOT, SARAH.

SAME PROBLEM?

YOU SHOULD TALK TO SOMEONE.

YEAH.

I'M TALKING TO **YOU**, AREN'T I?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

SO WHAT IS IT? YOU'VE SAID YOU DON'T WANT TO WRITE ABOUT ACTUAL THINGS ANYMORE... HAVE YOU CONSIDERED BECOMING A **SCIENCE FICTION** WRITER?

IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO WRITE ABOUT **ACTUAL THINGS**, I JUST DON'T WANT MY WRITING TO BE STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF A PERSON WHO **MURDERS CHILDREN.**

Again.

I GET THAT, BUT SETH, YOU HAVEN'T WRITTEN A NEW BOOK SINCE I HAD SAMUEL.

I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T **REALIZE** Ms. CAMILLE CAMPBELL HAD SOLICITED **MY SISTER** FOR HELP.

Sorry.

IS SHE HOUNDING YOU?

SHE IS, BUT SHE **SHOULD** BE. YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME.

EVERY DAY I SIT DOWN AND I TRY TO WRITE THESE HAPPY STORIES. THESE NICE, SWEET LITTLE YARNS ABOUT ROMANCE, OR FRIENDSHIP, OR... **WHATEVER,** AND I JUST **CAN'T.**

I **RUIN** IT. I GET RIGHT UP TO THE EDGE OF IT, THAT MOMENT OF CATHARSIS-- AND THEN...

--AND ***THEN...?***

SOME-
THING BAD
ALWAYS
HAPPENS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "SOMETHING BAD"?

MY CHARACTERS GET HURT OR SOMETHING TAKES THEM, OR--or-- I DON'T KNOW.

I JUST CAN'T WRITE THEM A HAPPY ENDING.

CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CL

Yes.

CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG

It's been almost twenty years since anyone was allowed to have a cigarette in McGarrets |

McGARRETS? Yuck, no. HOWSABOUT--

It's been almost twenty years since anyone smoked a cigarette at the Hula Hula House.

They tried to cover up the lingering smell with aromas called "Sun and Sand" or "Ocean's Breeze" but it did little to mask the stale stench of decades-old smoke. Still, the drinks were cheap and the jukebox was free. There's worse places to find yourself on a Thursday night.

"See ya, Gill!", He waves, stumbling.

"Have a good night, Paulie. Get home safe."

The familiar goodbye of the bartender follows.

ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD?

I REALLY SHOULDN'T, I'M DRIVING TONIGHT.

YOU DON'T OWN A CAR, BRIAN.

Oh yeah, THAT ALWAYS SLIPS MY MIND.

SELTZER WATER AND BITTERS, ON THE HOUSE.

YOU SPOIL.

SO... HOW ARE YOU?

ME? I'M FINE, HOW ARE YOU?

Hah, no. I MEAN... TODAY.

HOW ARE YOU, TODAY?

Oh, right.

TODAY.

SHE'D HAVE BEEN TWENTY-ONE NOW.

HAS IT BEEN THAT LONG?

TEN YEARS.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SERVED HER? YOU KNOW, AS HER FIRST DRINK?

HAH! IF SHE WAS ANYTHING LIKE ME IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR FROM HER FIRST.

Heh, YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT...

...EVEN SO, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE WANTED TO MAKE FOR HER?

I...

...I DON'T KNOW.

I DON'T EVER GET TO KNOW.

I...

...I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST--

IT'S OKAY. Really.

It's okay.

=Snff=

I'M HERE FOR **YOU**, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

YOU'RE A GOOD BARTENDER, GILL, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE YOU POUR A SODA BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

=Snff=

Heh...

I DO, THOUGH.

LOOK, I'VE GOT TO FINISH CLOSING UP, BUT TAKE YOUR TIME WITH YOUR DRINK.

NO RUSH.

CAN I WALK YOU TO THE TRAIN?

Oh, uhm... I MEAN, I'M GONNA BE A MINUTE.

I'VE GOT MINUTES.

OKAY THEN... *Uh,* YEAH.

YEAH, LET ME JUST TURN DOWN THE KITCHEN.

=huff=

Okay.

CLK

BZZZZZZ

BRIAN?

I'M ALMOST DONE. IF YOU WANT TO GRAB MY COAT, I JUST NEED TO LOCK UP THE BACK.

"...Brian?"

KRASH

GUUUUH!

MMROWW

Ughh--

MESSAGE RECEIVED.

COME ON.

You just need to turn off the fryers and then wrap the six pan of leftover meatloaf, and put that in the fridge. Do the little task and then do the next little one and don't think about crying in front of Brian. Think about the task at hand and then the next task at hand and then eventually the task at hand will be Brian. Brian and his hand touching your hand. He touched me. Okay the fryers. Just need to turn off the fryers and wrap the leftovers and-

"Click"

The kitchen is pitched into darkness, save the sliver of light coming from the main room door. In all the shadow, Gill can just make out the silhouette of a man standing in the door.

"Brian?" Gill calls out, his eyes still trying to adjust to the light.

Brian wouldn't answer Gill. Whoever's Shape this was, whatever's Shape this was, it wasn't Brian. And even though Gill had turned off the fryers, and wrapped the leftover meatloaf to put in the fridge, the task at hand would never be done this evening. It would never be the task at hand ever again.

WE'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW.

Gill tried to steady himself.

Fryers first. Just turn off the fryers, and then put away the leftover six pan in the fridge.

You just need to turn off the fryers and then wrap the six pan of leftover meatloaf, and put that in the fridge. Do the little task and then do the next little one and don't think about crying in front of Brian.

Think about the task at hand and then the next task at hand and then eventually the task at hand will be Brian.

HULA · HULA · HOUSE

POLICE

Brian and his hand, touching your hand. He touched me.

--AND WHAT TIME WAS THIS?

DO NOT

...I DON'T... uhm...I GUESS IT WAS AROUND... THREE--THREE THIRTY...

Okay. The fryers. Just need to turn off the fryers and wrap the leftovers and–

Click.

SMAG

OKAY, AND **THEN** WHAT HAPPENED?

The kitchen is pitched into darkness, save the sliver of light coming from the main room door.

--HOW'S IT LOOK?

In all the shadow, Gill can just make out the silhouette of a man standing in the door.

"...Brian?"

BAD.

To be
CONTINUED.

Next
MONTH...

RATED **M** (MATURE)

ISSUE 01 | COVER A | TYLER BOSS

ZONE